A PARTIAL CRITIC.

"O little girl, whose twenty years
Make you seem none the older
Since that spring day when love's glad tears
Bade Bashfulness be bolder,
Tell me, and have you grown more wise,
Or any more discerning,
Or are you more inclined to prize
The benefits of learning?"

This to my love—a birthday rhyme—
I gave when she was twenty;
Her little head up to that time
I'd filled with books in plenty;
I'd offered Thackeray and Scott,
Shakespeare and some of Milton,
To show her in a measure what
An education's built on.

I'd offered Wordsworth—not too much—
Keats all, and bites of Shelley;
In Browning, whom I didn't touch,
I feared a casus belli;
I'd offered Tennyson and some
Of Swinburne, that would go well
As spice with my selections from
Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell.

And now, the fruitful year at end,
The ripe result I sought for,
And wondered if her words would lend
The wisdom that I thought for.
Alas!—yet I confess it fell
Like "Paid" upon a debtor—
Said she, "I liked them very well;
I like what you write better."
—P. Mederst in Harper's Magazine.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

When I was eleven years old my mother died and my father decided to go to Australia. I was his only child, and he was by no means overburdened with money. He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sidney under contract. Three months after our arrival he married again, and it was not six weeks before my step-mother pushed me into the street. I was undersized and sickly, but I never gave her the slightest cause for even a harsh word. She simply took an aversion to me, and somehow her hatred came to be reflected in my father. He saw me thrown out on the world with hardly a protest, and two days later, when he met me in the street, he gave me about eight shillings in money and advised me to set up as a bootblack and newsboy. I should probably have followed his suggestions had I not on that same day chanced to fall in with a couple of lads who were planning to stow themselves away aboard of an English brig called the Charles H. Churchill. They were boys who had ran away from home or been thrown over like myself, and the idea was that they could do better in England. I was invited to join, and when our plans had been laid there were four of us of about the same age. We looked the brig over, found that we could get aboard, and made our arrangements.

One night, when the brig was nearly ready for sea, I stole aboard, carrying about two quarts of water and four pounds of bread and meat. This was the share I was to furnish. I was to be first aboard, slip down the midship hatch, and the others were to follow at brief intervals. A fire on board a ship a few hundred feet away drew the crew of the brig aft, and I got aboard without risk. The hold was nearly full of bags, barrels and boxes, and after waiting a few minutes I made my way over these toward the bow, and found a very comfortable place on a lot of dry hides. I remained awake and alert for two hours, and then fell asleep without realizing that I was a bit sleepy. It was morning when I awoke, and as the sailors were at work below I dared not move or call out. I figured that my companions were in hiding around me, and so rested easy through the day, sleeping most of the time. At about sundown I felt the ship under motion, and an hour later the hatches were closed and I was in midnight darkness. I had matches and a stub of a candle, and, after striking a light, I moved around and whistled and called to my companions. I could make my way over the freight pretty easily in any direction, and I would not give up that I was alone until I had searched for a full hour. Then I was positive that I was alone; the others had either backed out or had been baffled in their attempt to get aboard. I was much upset at the discovery, and crawled back to bed and cried myself to sleep. It had been agreed among us boys that we should keep secreted three days after sailing. None of us anticipated any trouble when we should make our presence known. I had no way of computing time as it was night all the time in the hold, but after my bread and water had been used up and I was hungry and thirsty, I decided that the three days were up. Crawling to the cover of the hatch I knocked on it and shouted, and after a while it was opened and I was helped out. It was 9 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day. The first word from the captain was a curse, and his first act was to swing me about the deck by the hair. Then he called for a rope and beat me until I fainted away, and while lying unconscious he and the first mate kicked me several times. When I came to I was ordered forward among the men. They gave me kind words, satisfied my hunger and thirst, and hoped that the worst was over.—It was not, however. At about noon I was called aft, and after the captain had interrogated me as to my identity and why I had selected his vessel, he gave me another beating and turned me over to the mate with the words:

'You can have him now and I hope you'll kill him before the week is out.'

'Aye, sir, leave that to me,' was the reply. 'I'll find a dozen ways to make him wish he'd never been born.'

I had committed an offense, but nothing deserving such punishment as I received for the next three days. I was flogged, kicked, cuffed and maltreated in every way captain and mate could think of, and was more than once rendered insensible by their cruelty. I heard the men cursing the officers for their conduct, and encouraging each other to interfere, but I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two I was so harried that I could scarcely remember my own name. On the afternoon of the third day, soon after dinner, while I was forward with the watch and assisting the sail-maker to repair a sail, the first mate called me aft. The wind was light and the sea smooth, and a few fathoms astern of the brig was an enormous shark. It had occurred to the two brutes to have some fun with me. The mate noosed a rope and passed it around my waist, and then, when I struggled and shrieked and begged for mercy, he carried me to the port quarter and dropped me overboard for shark bait. The shark made a rush for me, but I was hauled up just in advance of his jaws. The captain and mate laughed uproariously and the latter had picked me up to drop me from the other quarter when the entire crew came running aft. I saw that much and then fainted away, and what took place while I was unconscious was never clearly related to me.

The crew had determined to interfere, and their action excited the captain and mate to a terrible degree.—The former had a revolver in his pocket, and when the crew refused to go forward he fired at and wounded one of them. This brought on a fight in which both officers and one of the sailors were killed. It was rebellion—not mutiny. The sole idea of the crew was to protect me from further cruelty. In carrying this out murder was done and all were liable to the gallows. The dead bodies were lying on deck when I recovered consciousness, while the men had congregated in the waist of the brig for consultation. The second mate, whose name was Chapman, had sympathized with the crew, although he had no hand in the fight. He was now asked to take command of the brig until it could be determined what should be done, and he did so. The three dead men were prepared for burial in the usual way, and launched over the side without service, and an hour after the fight not a trace of it was left.

When the question of what should be done came up for discussion, most of the men were apalled at the seriousness of the case. It was the first duty of the mate to set a signal of distress, but, of course, nothing of the sort was done. Under the law he should head for the nearest port and there surrender brig and crew, but, of course, he had no thought of this.—While he had not incited the crew to resistance, he had not come to the aid of the officers. It would have been easy to prove his sympathy for me, and that would have made him the accessory of the crew. It was realized that all had outlawed themselves and the question was, where to go and what to do with the brig. It was finally decided to haul up for the Solomon Islands. The brig was bound home through Torres Strait, as she had two ports of call to make before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, and we were not over 450 miles out of Sidney when the murders occurred. We therefore had a voyage of 1,500 miles before us.

For the first week men could not have behaved more sensibly. The discipline was good, and all were under proper restraint. We were sighting vessels daily, and on several occasions we were passed so closely that we had to signal our number and report all well. On the third day a man-of-war exchanged signals with us, and through some bungling on our part his suspicions seemed to have been aroused, and he would perhaps have boarded us had not a change in the weather occurred. After about a week, however, the men began to get independent and to bring forward new plans, and there was no longer any harmony among the crew. While Chapman was the only man who could navigate a ship, and while he had been put in charge of the brig, the men finally refused to do any work beyond that of sailing the craft. Some openly advocated that we turn pirate, and others wanted to run into some port and sell brig and cargo and divide the money. This was hooted at by the more intelligent, and gave rise to further ill-feeling.

The brig had light or contrary winds and made slow progress, and at the end of two weeks the situation on board could not have been much worse. There were nine of us, including the cook, a black, and each man of them seemed determined to do as he pleased. All messed in the cabin, and all had access to the liquor, and as a consequence fights frequently occurred, and there were times when the brig had close shaves from being made a wreck. On one occasion the men charged the mate with planning to deliver them up to justice, but he somehow satisfied them that he was holding to the course originally agreed upon, and he was honest in what he said. After a run of some 25 days he announced that we were approaching the Solomon Islands, and the men at once made ready to carry out their further plans.

One hundred miles southwest of San Christoval, which is the easternmost island of the group, is a smaller group called the Little Solomons. It was this group we were approaching, and at that date no white man had set foot upon them. They were inhabited by fierce and blood-thirsty natives, who combined piracy, wrecking and fishing, and the mate was for making for the other group. He was overruled in this, and when the brig had hauled in until the land could be seen from the deck, the long boat was got over and loaded. The men intended to play the part of castaways, and had a story all fixed up. They erased the name of the boat, and took nothing aboard which would betray the identity of the brig, which they meant to scuttle. At noon, after working all the morning, they had loaded the boat with whatever suited, divided up the sum of $1,200 which they found on board, and were ready to bore holes in the brig's bottom.

For two days I had been ill of fever and confined to my bunk. I knew from the conversation around me what was going on, and at noon, when one of the men brought me a cup of gruel, he said we should soon be off. Half an hour later the brig became so quiet that I grew afraid, and with great effort crawled on deck. The long boat was a mile away, with every man in it. About four miles to the west, coming up under a light breeze, was a British man-of-war. All sail had been taken off the brig, so that she was simply drifting. It was the sight of the man-of-war that had hurried our crew off so suddenly. In about an hour she came up, and after a crew had been put aboard both vessels stood in and came to anchor in a bay and then boats were sent out for the mutineers. Not even a sight of them was ever obtained. Ten years later it was known that they made a landing on one of the small islands, were secreted by the natives until the ship sailed, and every one of them was then knocked on the head for the sake of plunder.

I was taken back to Sidney and later on to England, and as I was the only survivor my story was told and retold in the courts and press until the whole world had the details.

MOUNT ATHOS.

A Singular Community Where Women are Unknown.

[Murray's Magazine.]

Nothing is more curious than to study the effects upon a large society of the total exclusions of the female sex. It is commonly thought that men by themselves must grow rude and savage, that it is to women we owe all the graces and refinements of social intercourse. Nothing can be further from the truth. I venture to say that in all the world there is not so perfectly polite and orderly a society as that of Athos. As regards hospitality and gracious manners, the monks and their servants put to shame the most polished Western people. Disorder, tumult, confusion seem impossible in this land of peace. If they have differences and squabbles about the rights of property, these things are referred to law courts and determined by argument of advocates, not by disputing and high words among the claimants. While life and property are still unsafe on the mainland and on the sister peninsulas of Cassandra and Longos, Athos has been for centuries as secure as any country in England. So far, then, all the evidence is in favor of the restriction. Many of the monks being carried to the peninsula in early youth, have completely forgotten what a woman is like, except for the brown, smoky pictures of the Panagia with her infant in all the churches, which the strict iconography of the orthodox church has made as unlovely and non-human as it is possible for a picture to be.

So far, so well. But if the monks imagined they could simply expunge the other sex from their life without any but the obvious consequences they were mistaken. What strikes the traveler is not the rudeness, the untideness, the discomfort of a purely male society; it is rather its dullness and depression. Some of the oldest monks were indeed jolly enough; they drank their wine and cracked their jokes freely. But the novices who attended at the table, the men and boys who had come from the mainland to work as servants, muleteers, laborers, seemed all suffering under a permanent depression and sadness. The town of Karyes is the most sombre and gloomy place I ever saw. There are no laughing groups, no singing, no games among the boys. Every Every one looked serious, solemn, listless, vacant, as the case might be, but devoid of keenness and interest in life. At first one might suspect that the monks were hard task-masters, ruling their servants as slaves, but this is not the real solution. It is that the main source of interest and cause of quarrel in all these animals, human and other, does not occur. For the dullness was not confined to the young monks or the laity; it had invaded even the lower animals. The tom-cats, which were there in crowds, passed one another in moody silence along the roofs. They seemed permanently dumb. And if the cocks had not lost their voices and crowed frequently in the small hours of the morning, their note seemed to me wail, not a challenge—the clear, though unconscious expression of a just want in their lives.

The four new States bring in an area about equal to that of all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana combined. It is an area three times as great as the British Isles.

An Editor's Duties.

We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, clean the rollers, and set type, sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and distribute the type, and talk to visitors, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs and correct mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cussings from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say that we have no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters and getting our living on gopher-tail soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us that our paper isn't worth $1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.—From the Sauk Rapids *Sentinel.*

He—"How beautiful and poetic are some of the old Indian words! Minnehaha, for instance, or Alabama." She—"Yes, and Kissimmee." Which he did if he was any good.—*Lawrence American.*